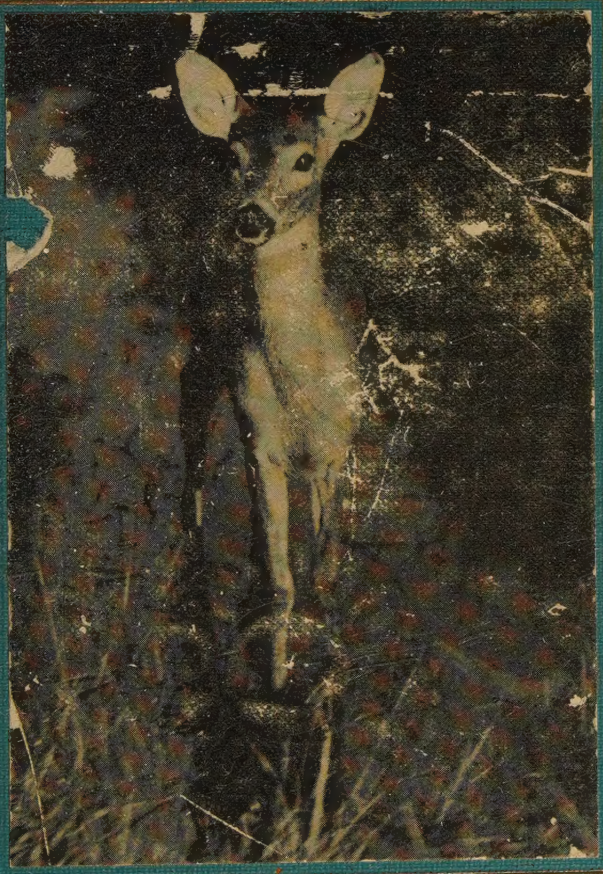
# MY WILD ANIMAL GUESTS



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# WILD ANIMAL GUESTS

By

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

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Animal Heroes of the Great War

Jimmy: The Story of a Black Bear Cub

Polaris: The Story of an Eskimo Dog

The Sprite: The Story of a Red Fox

Three Young Crows and Other Bird Stories

War Whoop and Tomahawk: The Story of Two Buffalo Calves

My Wild Animal Guests

*Actæon*

# MY WILD ANIMAL GUESTS

## THREE SKETCHES

BY

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

EDITED BY

LOUISE BIRT BAYNES

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY

LOUISE BIRT BAYNES AND THE AUTHOR

[illegible]

NEW YORK

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1930

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## FOREWORD

In the heart of Ernest Harold Baynes there was a great love of animals. It was born in him, and grew year by year, nourished by constant observation of the out-of-doors. He recognized that kindness was a duty of the strong towards the weak, and he made the cause of animals his life work.

The open New Hampshire countryside that surrounded Baynes's home, with the famous Blue Mountain Forest Reservation hard by, presented opportunities for studying his subject such as come in the way of few men. His qualifications, too, were rare, as those who have read his life know. He made *friends* of animals of many species. He did not "tame" them, by compelling them to conform to his will and act in acordance with human ideas of conduct. His method was gradually to become acquainted with them, to feed them, and to accustom them to the sound of his strong, gentle, persuasive

voice. The lectures and writings for which his daily life furnished such ample material were directed towards getting people to perceive that creatures had personalities. He thought that if they once realized that each animal and bird had its own likes and dislikes, its interests, its loves, in short its individual character distinguishing it from others of its species, they would gradually come to respect the lives and liberties of all creatures.

That people are interested in animals goes without saying. But there is a wide difference between the interest that is but childish curiosity, and that which is dictated by the desire to know, and to make wise and kind use of the knowledge when acquired. Unfortunately the interest in animals usually takes the form of acquiring "pets." Baynes early discarded the use of the word "pet" as applied to a wild creature, with all the thoughtless negations it stands for. He knew that the keeping of pets is at best but a refined cruelty. It saddened him, as it saddens all true animal lovers, to see wild creatures imprisoned in cages or miniature "zoos," for the purpose of attracting trade to gasoline stations or lunch counters. And yet these prisons, so piteously small, are multiplying year by year along our highways,

and will continue to multiply, until we have universal legislation, similar to that now in force in Connecticut, prohibiting the exhibition of live creatures for advertisement purposes. That these imprisoned creatures are treated with a certain rough kindness sometimes disarms criticism. The owner of a caged brown bear, for instance, replied that the animal was "given plenty to eat, and what more could it want?" But an animal does not live by bread alone, any more than man. Solitary confinement is the most terrible form of torture known.

A "caged eagle" has long been a symbol of human misery. Yet a caged opossum would serve equally well as an illustration, or a caged squirrel, or any other of the creatures the joy of whose lives consists in roaming the woods and fields under the canopy of heaven. To compel these children of nature to eke out their existence in hopeless captivity, is more cruel so far as the creatures themselves are concerned, than to extinguish a whole species in the glorious name of Sport. If a captured bird or beast could make a plea on its own behalf, there is but one it would utter, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

The stories that follow were written by Mr. Baynes about some of these friends of his. They

are little biographies, and go forth in book form with their message to understanding hearts.

RAYMOND GORGES.

Onteora Park
Tannersville, N. Y.
June 1, 1930

# CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD
By Raymond Gorges . . . . . vii

ACTÆON
The Story of a White-Tailed Deer . . 3

MY INTERESTING NEIGHBORS
The Story of a Family of Skunks . . 61

DAUNTLESS
The Story of a North American Timber Wolf 83

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


Actæon . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Actæon in the Pond . . . . . 2

He Was So Hungry That He Tried to Swallow the Bottle As Well As the Milk . . . 11

Actæon Was Extremely Beautiful . . . 13

Actæon in a Field of Daisies . . . . 15

He Stopped and Looked Around . . . 19

He Looked at Me Over the Wall . . . 21

Actæon Wading in a Brook . . . . 23

Actæon Shows His White Flag . . . . 25

Actæon Hammering the Coyote with His Hoofs . 26

The Shapliness of His Head Was Blotted Out . 27

Actæon Looks upon His First Winter Landscape . 29

He Nibbled Everything Within Reach . . 32

He Would Listen Attentively to Sounds Which Reached Him from the House . . . . 34

He Would Lie in an Easy and Graceful Attitude 35

Actæon — Note the Protective Value of His Brown Coat in Winter Landscape . . . 38

Actæon Shedding His Winter Coat . . . 42

His First Antlers . . . . . 45

He Was More Beautiful Than Ever . . . 47

His Antlers Were Full Grown . . . . 48

His Antlers Were Perfectly Developed . . . 50
He Would Wait For Us at the Gate . . . 51
Actæon Eating an Apple . . . . . 52
He Would Stop to Eat the Fallen Apples . . 54
Actæon Walking Up the Brook . . . . 55
He stood Motionless As a Statue . . . 56
One of the Handsomest Skunks I Ever Met . . 60
He Looked Up and Saw Me . . . . 64
I Gave Them a Plymouth Rock Hen for Supper . 66
My Queer Little Prize . . . . . 70
She Would Take Her Babies from My Hand . 73
We Fed Them with a Medicine Dropper . . 75
They Soon Learned to Feed Themselves . . 76
He Would Squeal and Stamp His Forefeet . . 77
They Swam with Their Bushy Tails Straight Out Behind Them . . . . . 78
Dauntless . . . . . 82
One Cub after Another Popped Up Over the Top of the Box . . . . . 90
He Soon Learned to Drink from a Saucer . . 94
They Would Growl Horribly . . . . 96
Dauntless Playing with a String . . . . 97
His First Howl . . . . . 98
They Romped and Played Together . . . 102
Death and Dauntless Watching a Squirrel . . 104
Dauntless with the Author . . . . . 109
Sometimes He Would Catch a Woodchuck . . 111
I Took Him to Walk on a Chain . . . . 112

# ACTÆON

Actæon in the Pond

# ACTÆON

## A GLIMPSE OF THE FOREST WHERE ACTÆON WAS BORN

It is evening, the time when shy forest folk leave the dense woods and come out into the open to feed and frolic.

As I sit here in my home in the mountains of New Hampshire, I see through my study windows to the east, the wondrous blue hills of the Croydon Range, stretching away to the north and south as far as the eye can reach. Along the nearer slopes there are great belts of hardwood trees, clothed in all the beauty of New England spring foliage—in raiment of tender misty greens, mauves and pinks. Running through them and enhancing their delicate beauty, are strips of dark evergreen forest, mostly pine, spruce and hemlock, which extend upward and cover all the peaks and ridges. On this side of the mountain slopes and extending to the very border of my garden, there are great stretches of rolling

land, almost bare of trees, which at this season is covered with fresh young grass and divided by trout brooks whose liquid music comes to me through the open window.

As my eyes wander over the hillside, I see five deer stealing out from the shadows of the trees, to feed on the dew-wet grass. They are in their thin red summer coats. Daintily they step along on their slender, sinewy legs, stopping here and there to nibble a leaf or a bunch of grass, ever and anon raising their pretty heads to see that no danger threatens them. Their tails, which are rather long, are deeply fringed with white, and, when not swaying from side to side, hang straight down. Now and then one of them stops to lick his flank or to scratch his head with his sharp hind hoof. I step out on the porch, and instantly all five heads are raised, and all five noses are pointed straight at me. The large sensitive ears stand out to catch the slightest sound and the big round eyes are "front." For one instant the wild things are "at attention" then one of them stamps his hoof and snorts, and then the five, wheeling as though at the word of command, are speeding away through the long grass, over rocks and bushes, often leaping much higher

than necessary, as though they loved the sport. And as they go, their broad tails, snowy white beneath, are held erect and explain at once the origin of the name, white-tailed deer. As the agile creatures disappear into the forest, I return to my desk, half wondering if those deer were really afraid, or if they had not sped away for the very joy of speeding.

The white-tailed deer, otherwise known as the Virginia deer, is, on account of its wide distribution, one of the best known of American animals. According to one of our greatest authorities it is found in at least some part of every State and territory save Delaware, Oregon, Nevada, California and Arizona. It was the first species of deer seen and hunted by the early settlers along the Atlantic coast, and it is prophesied that it will be the last of the large-hoofed animals of North America to become extinct. For in the first place it is chiefly a dweller of the forest, seldom found far away from the friendly cover of the trees. Moreover, it is cautious, keeping a bright lookout for enemies and, when hiding in the forest, lowering its head to escape notice.

Owing to steady persecution for generations, the white-tailed deer was driven from most parts of New

England and it was feared that it would never come back. During the last few years however, owing to good game laws, these timid creatures have taken heart and have come back to the woods which were known to their ancestors. And they will stay and add to the beauty of the country and to the profit of its inhabitants, if the woods are kept habitable by the enforcement of proper legislation.

The Blue Mountain Forest contains about 25,000 acres and is the largest fenced game preserve in America. In this vast inclosure are many deer, elk, wild boar and a small herd of buffalo. They roam at will and live contentedly together. And in this beautiful forest Actæon was born and I am now going to tell you how it happened that he came to live with us and of his frolics with our other animal guests.

## THE STORY OF A WHITE-TAILED DEER

It was a bright May morning and Ranger Kimpton the guide sat at his cottage window oiling his rifle. Now and then he raised his eyes to scan the slope of Croydon Mountain, stretching north and south through the heart of the Blue Mountain For-

est. Something out there caught his eye, for in the same instant he laid aside his rifle and took down a field glass from its hook on the wall. He saw a lithe, sinewy, white-tailed doe and a young fawn picking their way along a ledge of grey rock which jutted from the mountain side. Such a familiar sight would scarcely have held his attention but for the fact that the doe was behaving in a very unusual way. She would look behind her expectantly, turn and run back to a spot just out of view, advance again along the ledge and in evident anxiety return as before. Kimpton replaced the field glass, opened the door and started up the mountain side.

When he arrived at the ledge the doe and fawn had disappeared, but he found another little spotted fawn lying in the grass just over the ridge. It arose on three legs; the fourth was broken below the hock. A narrow fissure in the ledge, with a few short, brownish hairs clinging to one side of it, told the story. While following his mother the little fellow had stepped upon some leaves which hid the fissure, his leg had gone down, to be wedged between the narrow walls. The sudden jerk which freed the imprisoned limb had broken the delicate cannon bone, and at once he was bereft of half

his tiny might. That was why he had lain down; that was why his anxious mother had run back and forth and attracted the attention of the guide. Now he stood there, wide-eyed, trembling, and, crippled though he was, in another moment he would have made a frantic effort to escape. But the guide was used to the ways of wood folk and with a single sweep of his strong arms he deftly captured the wild baby before him and carried it off lest it be devoured, perhaps that very night, by the first hungry fox or wildcat which chanced to pass that way.

Kimpton returned to his cottage and placed the fawn in a narrow box where it would have to stand quietly and so give the injured leg every chance to heal. The little fellow did not struggle nor attempt to use the broken leg, which hung down in an almost natural position. About an hour later Kimpton offered him a baby's bottle filled with warm milk and showed him how it worked. He quickly got the idea and drank the milk with evident pleasure, draining the bottle to the last drop.

In a few days the broken ends of the bone had knit perfectly, and the little black hoof was allowed to gently touch the floor. Then it was that Kimpton took the fawn in his arms again, drove five miles

across the mountain and gave the little fellow to me. We wanted to study a white-tailed fawn at close range and although we had our hands full with Jimmie the bear, Romulus the coyote and Sprite the fox, we gladly accepted the invalid fawn who later became one of our most beloved animal guests.

At first we put the fawn in the barn, where he occupied one of the stalls, which we had boarded up to the height of four feet to resemble a "loose box." He was still lame and at once lay down upon his bed of hay. When he got up again he seemed better, and let us know he was hungry by bleating softly and by looking toward us eagerly with his large appealing brown eyes. When I held out to him a milk bottle, he knew from experience that it contained his food, and as he took the nipple, he punched me with his hard little head, just as he would have punched his mother had he been taking his dinner with her.

We named him Actæon, and by that name he was known to all of us excepting the housekeeper, who always called him "Cuddy," a name suggested, I suppose, by the fact that after he began to graze he spent much time in chewing the cud.

He had been with us only a few days, when one morning I found him trotting about the barn. I made inquiries to find out who had taken him from his stall. Apparently no one had done so, yet it seemed impossible that this baby, lately quite lame, should have cleared a four-foot barrier from almost a standstill. Yet he had done so, and when I put him back he proved it almost at once by leaping out again with an ease and grace which gave promise of marvelous performances when he should have attained his maximum powers.

He looked so well and seemed so eager to go with me that I allowed him to follow me to the house. As I opened the door he pushed past me into the kitchen. His one thought was on his breakfast and he quickly located it on the stove where it was being warmed. I caught him just in time to save him from being burned. The next instant he tipped the cover from a bowl of milk on the table and became so impatient that I had all I could do to control him while his bottle was being filled. When I offered it to him he seized the nipple and would not let go until he had drunk every drop. He followed me back to the barn and I gave him a bed of hay in an open stall where he lay down con-

He Was So Hungry That He Tried to Swallow the Bottle As Well As the Milk

tentedly and allowed me to stroke his head and long velvety ears.

The young fawn had made such a good recovery, that it seemed advisable to give him regular exercise, and every morning we took him out for a run over the hills. He would frisk around us just as a dog will do when starting on a walk, but after awhile he would run clean away from us, and it would look as if we had seen the last of the fawn. Then someone would shout, "Here he comes," and we would see him coming like a miniature racehorse, his ears laid back, and his tail straight up in the air, rising like a "hunter" at every rock and bush in his path. As he drew nearer to us he would check his speed, break into a brisk elastic trot, and finally pull up with heaving sides, his long tongue hanging from his open mouth. Once he gave us a real "scare." He stayed away all day. We searched the country for miles in several different directions, calling him from time to time, but he was nowhere to be seen. I feared that this time he had really gone for good, but just at dusk he came bounding in, so hungry that he tried to swallow the bottle as well as the milk.

Actæon was an extremely beautiful creature, and

by a bunch of hard tissue around the point of fracture. But his most beautiful feature was his head. There was a fascinating depth in his limpid brown eyes, and his shapely ears moved back and forth with every sound, showing pleasure, excitement, fear, and other emotions, almost as plainly as a human face could show them.

The white spots, it would seem, were in the nature of concealing coloration. Conspicuous as they were when he stood in the barn, when he lay down in a shadow on the edge of the woods, he might easily be mistaken for a patch of white flowers. And when he stood in a field of ox-eye daisies, his legs and body seemed to melt into the background and the white spots formed one of the hundred patches of bloom which strewed the landscape. I was particularly struck one morning with the protective value of the white spots on his coat, when we were romping together in a field of daisies. He suddenly disappeared and although I searched the landscape with my eyes, I could not see him. Presently a switch of his tail attracted my attention to where he was standing, only a short distance from me. He was no longer a deer, but a part of the field he stood in. This theory of protection is borne out

Actæon in a Field of Daisies

by the fact that when autumn comes, and the white flowers are gone, fawns lose their spots, and change their reddish coats for brown ones, which so closely resemble the dry grass and leafless shrubs, that it is sometimes difficult to see them.

Up to this time we had put the bear, coyote and fox in an enclosure whenever we took the fawn out for a run, but as he grew stronger and more eager for his freedom, we decided to introduce him to our other animal guests, who were to be his companions.

He was standing beside me when he first caught sight of Jimmie, the bear. Evidently he did not know just what was going to happen. He trembled violently but stood his ground, — his eyes glued upon the approaching cub. Jimmie, without the slightest hesitation ambled up to him. Their noses touched. Then the bear rose solemnly on his hind legs and clasped the slender neck of the fawn in a clumsy embrace. The fawn was startled, and tried to free himself by backing away, but finding this method did not work, he ducked his head, slipped from between the hairy paws, and before Jimmie could recover himself, Actæon was fleeing across the orchard. Jimmie did not follow the fawn, but

stood gazing after him, with seeming astonishment at the cool reception he had received.

Romulus, the coyote, now appeared upon the scene and started in pursuit of Actæon, who came bounding back to where we were standing switching his tail and looking defiantly at the coyote, who stood off at a little distance to wait his chance. It soon came, for the fawn quickly regained his composure and commenced to graze. As soon as his head was down, Romulus crept cautiously up behind him, nipped his leg and dashed away. The fawn wheeled round and was after him in a flash, soon overtaking him and pounding him with his forefoot. Any doubt we may have had as to whether Actæon could hold his own with his strange companions, was quickly dispelled. He had met them on their own ground, had not been aggressive, but had plainly shown his ability to take care of himself. So we gave him his freedom during the day, confining him in the barn only at night.

The fawn had now made himself thoroughly at home and he never went more than a few hundred yards from the house by himself, but nothing pleased him more than to go for a walk with some member of the family. Very often he went with me and I

never tired of his company. Unlike some of the other animals, he minded his own business and amused himself quietly in his own way. I remember our coming to the first pond he had ever seen. He showed the unaffected joy of a child having a delightful experience for the first time. The pond was shallow and he ran into it, pawing the water vigorously with his forefeet, one at a time, throwing the water over himself in a shower and lowering his head as if to get the full benefit of the shower-bath. Sometimes he would race back and forth through the water at full speed, pausing perhaps to skip about coquettishly or to leap into the air as high as he could. Once while jumping thus he lost his balance and fell on his side, his entire body being submerged. When he arose it was evident that he was not wet to the skin. Most of the water rolled off at once, and the rest, which stood in drops on the hair, flew into space the moment he shook himself.

After his bath he ran at top speed up hill and down dale, clearing stone walls and bushes as though he were running a steeple-chase. When he was tired of this he trotted up to me and walked sedately by my side, nosing into my pocket for the lemon

drops, which I usually carried for his special benefit. I offered him the bag and he thrust his slender nose into it and daintily helped himself to the

He Stopped and Looked Around

candy, which he crunched up with apparent pleasure.

Once while he was busily nibbling some grass, I ran ahead, and jumping over a stone wall, hid myself to see what the fawn would do when he missed me. From where I lay I could just see the bend in the road, and presently the fawn came

trotting along, looking straight ahead. He passed me, but hardly had he done so when he stopped and looked around. I dropped low out of sight, and a minute later, peering carefully over the wall, I saw the fawn's head turned straight in my direction and in an instant he trotted up and looked at me over the wall. I believe that he scented me, for I am sure he did not see me, and I hardly think he heard me.

For many weeks we fed the fawn on milk alone, and the quantity was increased from a quart a day on his arrival, to three quarts a day in September. To this he added more or less green stuff gathered during his romps afield. In October we reduced his milk supply to a pint night and morning. But he never forgot that that amount at least was coming to him, and often as we sat at breakfast, he would come to the window and, standing on his hind legs and with his forefeet on the window sill, gaze at us so reproachfully that one of us was sure to get up from the table to feed him. He was very clever at balancing and sometimes we would hold the milk bottle high in the air and let him walk along on his hind legs. While doing this he would spread his hind toes as far apart as possible, no doubt to give himself a broader base. I noticed too, that he

He Looked at Me Over the Wall

could move his toes at will, and could spread them before the foot reached the ground. He always did this when he was walking down a flight of steps. The dew-claws of the fawn usually left no mark when he walked or trotted on level ground, but their imprints were plain to see, when I examined his trail after he had descended a steep hill or had been traveling at a great speed on the level. In such cases they seemed to serve the same purpose as spikes worn in the shoes of mountaineers or in the running shoes of athletes.

Actæon's relations with Jimmie the bear were pleasant, although sometimes there was a clashing of interests. They were both fond of bread, and when bread was served neither one of them was absent if he could help it. When the deer got a piece which was too large for him, he would daintily chew one end of it, and gradually draw it into his mouth. But unless the bear happened to be very much occupied he would seize the end which protruded, pull the slice of bread away and gobble it up himself. For a moment the fawn would look astonished and then, raising one foot, he would hammer the head of his burly playfellow, a proceeding the bear did not seem to mind in the least.

Actæon Wading in a Brook

Romulus did not like the same kinds of food that appealed to the bear and the fawn, but often while the fawn was feeding, he would take advantage of the situation, steal up behind him and pull a tuft of hair from his hind leg. This was pure mischief on the part of the coyote, and was evidently done to get up a chase.

Although Jimmie was the housekeeper's favorite she was very fond of Actæon too. When she baked bread she never forgot to make a pan of very small biscuits especially for him. She called them "Cuddy's bunlets" explaining that she made them just the right size for his mouth, so that the other animals could not take them away from him. He soon learned that the kitchen was a good place to keep within calling distance and if we merely rattled the handle of the door, he would come bounding up to receive some titbit which experience had taught him to expect.

Apart from their little squabbles, Actæon, Jimmie and Romulus had a wonderful time together. Their favorite amusement was to chase each other at top speed around the house. Round and round they would go, the flying hoofs of the deer resounding like thunder as he tore madly across the piazza. He

was always in the lead, with Romulus close upon him, and Jimmie bringing up the rear. When they reached the end of the piazza, over the railing they would go, landing on the ground, about four feet below. Actæon would clear the rail with superb grace, Romulus, who was as light as a feather, would seem just to blow over, and Jimmie would haul his fat little body up, scramble over the rail and lower himself carefully to the ground. But sometimes in his excitement his paws would slip and he would land

Actæon Shows His White Flag

with a bump, rolling over several times before he could regain his feet and get under way again.

This was the only game which Actæon and Jimmie

played together. The cub was too rough and clumsy to be companionable to the slender-legged deer, who would adroitly avoid his wild rushes and

Actæon Hammering the Coyote with His Hoofs

go off to graze, or to lie down and chew the cud. But his sensitive ears kept him ever aware of his companion's movements and when Jimmie or Romulus discovered his retreat, he would spring to his feet, ready to defend himself.

Actæon and Romulus were fairly evenly matched in speed and they became great pals, spending a large part of each day playing tag. Whenever the

coyote was successful he pulled out a tuft of the fawn's hair; and when the fawn overtook the coyote, the latter was knocked over and received a hammering with the deer's hoofs.

The Shapeliness of His Head Was Blotted Out

The changes which took place in Actæon during the summer were not startling. Very gradually the white spots on the body and the white stripes on the neck became less distinct and the red coat less red. By November the stripes and spots had disappeared and the thin summer pelage had been replaced by the heavy grey-brown coat, which was to serve through the long northern winter. The shapeliness of the deer's head was blotted out, as it were, and his ears became woolly. Striking as his protective coloration had been six months before, it was now equally so, for his new

coat matched the brown grass, the leafless bushes and the fallen leaves.

Toward the close of a mild day in late November there came a sudden change in the weather. The wind veered around and blew up cold from the north, roaring amongst the naked tree-tops and hissing through the long dead grass. The hazy veil of the Indian summer was quickly blown away, and the glittering stars shone out through the wind-swept atmosphere. That night it began to freeze; the mud upon the roads crunched beneath our feet, and the puddles were thinly coated with ice.

A few days later the snow came, and when Actæon stepped out of the barn, he found himself in a white and changed world. All through the night the snow had fallen, and every tree and weed-stalk was laden with feathery flakes. The stone walls had entirely disappeared, and the roads and fields lay white and gleaming in the sunlight.

Perhaps it was just imagination on my part, but I fancied I saw a startled and bewildered expression in Actæon's eyes, as he looked for the first time in his life upon a winter landscape.

At first he put his feet very cautiously into the snow, but finding that it did not hurt him, he seemed

to take for granted that it was all right and followed me as usual to the house. After he had eaten his breakfast he engaged in a spirited game of tag with

Actæon Looks upon His First Winter Landscape

Romulus and both animals appeared to enjoy the new conditions immensely.

It was late in the morning before Jimmie ventured forth. Once outside his den, he took a step forward, raised his right fore-paw after the manner of a pointer dog, and stood irresolute. His long sensitive nose sniffed the frosty air distrustfully,

and his head moved slowly from side to side, as he took in the situation; then as a sudden gust of snow-laden wind struck him full in the face, he uttered a loud "wow" and fled back into his den.

Jimmie did not appear again that day, and when the second day passed and he did not show even the tip of his nose at his doorway, we thought that he had bidden "adieu" to the cold, cruel world, and had tucked himself snugly away for the winter.

Some months before, Jimmie had appointed himself inspector-in-chief of all vehicles which stopped at our house. This habit dated from the day on which he had discovered a basket of luncheon in the back of a carriage. He had removed the cover and devoured the contents before the rightful owners were aware of what was going on, and from that day forward, Jimmie thought every conveyance worthy of his careful personal attention. So it happened that when he had been in his den for several days, presumably fast asleep, the jingle of the milkman's sleighbells was heard on the road leading to our house, and the "inspector" poked his nose from under the piazza. The small matter of a winter's sleep must not be allowed to interfere with business, so he plunged through the snow and reached the

sleigh just as its owner went into the house. His head quickly disappeared in the mouth of the can, and he was drinking at a great rate, when the milkman who had seen him from the window, rushed toward the sleigh shouting "Hi! Hi! Hi!" Jimmie pulled his head out with a jerk, overturned the can, and thirty quarts of milk were spilled upon the snow.

But little accidents of this kind did not trouble Jimmie and after he had been hustled out of the sleigh, he made his way to the orchard, while I made out a check to pay the damages.

Now that the ground was covered and Actæon could find no grass to graze upon, he began to browse on the trees, nibbling everything within reach, but he depended upon us almost entirely for his food. He was fond of sliced raw potatoes, apples, corn and bread. In fact he liked all kinds of food and seldom refused anything we gave him. One day I was cutting up some raw meat for Romulus, when to my surprise the fawn seized a piece weighing more than a pound, carried it off and began to eat it. I took it away from him and offered him some thin slices which he ate with evident enjoyment.

He Nibbled Everything Within Reach

Actæon now stayed closer than ever to the house and kept his ears atuned to every sound that reached him from within. If we stepped outside he would immediately come bounding to us, and would express his delight at seeing us by nibbling at our sleeves and licking our hands until they felt as if they had been coated with glue.

Every evening we were sure to hear Actæon's little hoofs pattering on the floor of the piazza, and as he passed the windows he would stop a few seconds and look eagerly into the room. If we opened the door he would come in gently, but fearlessly, and after he had taken a drink of milk and a slice of bread or cake, he would patter out again into the darkness.

The rigors of winter held no apparent discomfort for the fawn. He seemed quite at his ease even when the thermometer fell far below zero. Sometimes his face would be sheathed in ice, and icicles would be hanging from his chin and eyelashes, but he would go on chewing the cud as calmly as a cow in a clover field on a summer evening.

We seldom put him in the barn now at night and he would curl himself up on the ground just as close to our window as possible. After a snowfall, all

He Would Listen Attentively to Sounds Which Reached Him from the House

that we could see of him in the morning would be just the tips of his ears, the rest of his body would be completely covered with snow. If we tapped on the window he would rise to his feet and stretch himself as if to get the kinks out, then he would give

He Would Lie In An Easy and Graceful Attitude

his body a vigorous shake, sending the snow flying in every direction, and all brown again he would stand on his hind legs to reach a slice of bread held out to him.

One cold wet night I put the three animals into the barn and the next morning when I opened the

door, they all started on a run to the house. But they did not run far. The hilltop was a glare of ice and this was a new experience for them.

Jimmie, who always played the part of the clown, was even more funny than usual. He lost his footing at once and in trying to regain it he went tobogganing down the hill on his back. Apparently he greatly enjoyed the sport for he tried it over and over, until Romulus became tired of being just an onlooker and rushed upon him, seized one of his hind legs and pulled him over the bank. With difficulty Jimmie freed himself from his tormentor and then they began a game of tag, both of them slipping and sliding over the hill. Every now and then we would hear a loud "wow" from Jimmie and we would know that his tail had been nipped by Rom, who was at less disadvantage than his companion, and was able to score more points.

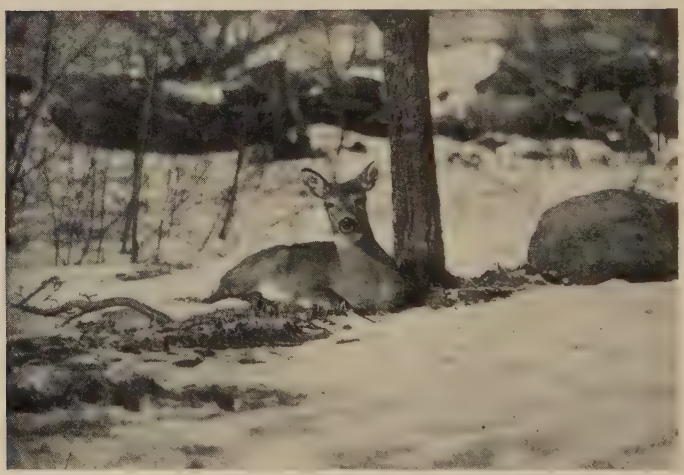
Actæon did not join in the game. He had taken only a few steps toward the house when he was seized with fright and stood trembling violently, his legs spread so far apart that he seemed in danger of injuring himself. I had to rescue him by spreading a blanket over the ice and helping him to get his unruly legs together again. Then I led him

back to the barn lest he should meet with a serious accident.

In very windy weather we saw little of Jimmie and Romulus. They preferred to stay in their comfortable dens and would come out only when they were hungry. On fine days, however, they were astir early and frequently staged a show as amusing as a circus. The invigorating mountain air and an abundance of food kept them in perfect health and high spirits. They never seemed to tire of their frolics. While the bear and the coyote got into no end of mischief, and played pranks which at times were trying to the family, Actæon never joined them in their wild escapades. His behavior at all times was dignified and gentlemanly.

The most exciting thing Actæon did during the winter was to jump through the study window, landing in the middle of the floor in a shower of glass. Fortunately there was no one in the room at the time. We were at breakfast when the crash came. We hurried to the door and to our astonishment saw the deer standing in the middle of the room. He was trembling violently and evidently he was as much surprised to find himself in the house as we were to see him there. We feared

that he was badly injured, but on careful examination, we found only two slight scratches, one on his side and one on his hind leg. He quickly regained his composure and after he had been caressed and



Actæon — Note the Protective Value of His Brown Coat in the Winter Landscape

treated to a saucer of oatmeal, he walked out as if nothing unusual had happened. Of course we preferred to have our animal guests enter the house through the doors, especially when the windows were closed and the thermometer was below zero. This particular instance, I like to fancy, was a mistake on Actæon's part and therefore quite excusable.

Lucy had witnessed the whole performance. It seems that Romulus was chasing Actæon and the latter rushed up on the piazza where he was cornered by the wolf. His only way of escape was to leap over the railing into the bushes beyond. This he did, but — alas, the railing and bushes were but reflections on the windowpane.

There were times during the winter when Mrs. Baynes would have liked to take a quiet walk through the fields with just Actæon, who was always a pleasant and quiet companion, and sometimes she would try to slip away without the other animals knowing. She never got more than a short distance from the house, however, when the sensitive ears of the deer would warn her that she was being followed, and she would look back, perhaps just in time to see Jimmie's little black head appear over a wall. As soon as he saw his runaway companions he would lose no time in joining them and would express his joy at finding them in his own rude fashion.

Then a few minutes later Romulus would appear on the scene. Like the small child who hides himself, and playfully pounces upon his unsuspecting victim in the hope of giving him a "great scare," the

mischievous coyote would follow his companions under cover of a stone wall and suddenly leap into their midst.

Then it was that the peaceful walk turned into one of tumult, as the three animals would at once begin a boisterous game of tag. They used Mrs. Baynes as "home," and she had to keep constantly on the lookout for them in order to escape being bowled over.

Often the "Sprite" would join them, but he never took part in their rough-house game. He usually kept at a little distance behind them and quietly amused himself by hunting for meadow mice.

But their happy frolics together were fast drawing to a close, and with the coming of spring there was to be a parting of the ways. Actæon was to return to his native forest. Jimmie was to go to New York, to live and romp with other little black bears in the Zoo. And Romulus, alas, who had been led astray by a black dog of bad character, was to have his liberty curtailed.

Spring has a strong personality here in New Hampshire; all nature seems to stand at attention awaiting her arrival and nothing moves until she gives the command. Usually she is late in coming;

the snow lies deep and beneath it sleep the flowers in the quiet earth. On the mountain slopes the fettered trout brooks are as silent as the spire-like spruces and the cold grey hardwoods, and the stillness is but emphasised by the occasional hammering of an impatient woodpecker, or the sharp call of a jay.

But at last comes Spring — tardy, capricious, smiling, beautiful Spring, and in response to the warm smile, all things leap to her bidding, and the world begins to move again. You can hear the imprisoned brooks fighting to free themselves. The struggle is feeble at first and you hear the sound of it only at nightfall, when the air is still; then it comes to you like the murmur of the wind dying away in the tops of tall trees. But the murmur increases as though the brooks knew that a rescuer was at hand, and presently, with a mighty roar, the icy bars are flung aside, and the waters burst out into the sunlight — turbulent, foaming, free. And they call to the great white snow-fields, which, as though ashamed of having lingered so long, creep stealthily, silently away to join the streams, together, to flood the valleys and swell the rivers that sweep steadily on to the sea.

Actæon Shedding His Winter Coat

Like the landscape, Actæon too, was shedding his winter coat, not all at once, but in patches, giving him a tattered appearance. The hair of his head had become red in color, though here and there a patch of the old brown winter hair clung, just as touches of snow persist in a green spring landscape.

Early in April we turned Actæon back into his native Blue Mountain forest and it was an easy matter, for the fence of this great game preserve ran along the edge of our garden, where we could enter it by a gate. So into the Forest he went and with him a goodly store of bread, potatoes and apples.

For some time he did not stray far from the gate and every day he would come back, partly, perhaps, to see us, and partly to eat the food he knew would be waiting for him.

In May, when the grass and browse were plentiful, Actæon turned up his pretty nose at bread and potatoes and wandered far afield. It was seldom indeed that we saw him and when we did it was usually only to get a glimpse of him in the distance. One day, however, I thought I saw him far away on a hillside and when I called him he came bounding toward me as though really glad to see me again.

It was about the beginning of June that I first

noticed on the head of Actæon two little round knobs. They were brown in color, covered with a soft short hair and warm to the touch. These were Actæon's budding antlers.

One day in July when I was walking through the woods, I caught a glimpse of red on the ground beneath a tree, and a moment later saw that it was a young buck deer. I dropped to the ground behind a knoll, and then, crawling to the top of it, I was able to examine him at leisure. One good look was enough to show me that it was Actæon. When one is really familiar with an individual animal, it is surprising how different it looks from others of its species. However much Actæon may have resembled his brethren when seen at a distance, I feel sure that, close at hand, I could have distinguished him instantly from any other Virginia deer.

I called to him in a low voice, and he started and turned his big dark eyes toward me. His ears were bent to catch a repetition of the sound and they caught it, for louder now I spoke his name, and then quietly arose from my hiding-place. Instantly he sprang to his feet, white tail in the air and nostrils dilated. He was about to wheel and dash away, when I spoke again and held out my hand

to him. He craned his neck inquiringly, his tail drooped and switched nervously from side to side and then he strode out to meet me. After advancing a few yards he stopped, shook his tail again, moved his head from side to side to make quite sure he was not mistaken and then he came up and began to lick my hands.

His First Antlers

He had completely shed his winter coat and stood revealed in his bright red summer pelage, which, being thin, displayed his graceful, sinewy form to its best advantage. His head was clean, smooth, and beautifully modeled, with a delicacy of line not present in the autumn or winter. It was crowned with his first antlers, already six inches long and covered with "velvet," like the stubby branches of staghorn sumach.

For a little while he walked about, nibbling the grass and the wild flowers, and then he lay down again. I dropped to the ground beside the little fellow, that I might stroke and admire him. When I arose I gave him a pat by way of good-bye and started for home. But he did not wish to be left alone, and presently I heard the pattering of his feet behind me. He did not stay close to my heels, but stopped when it pleased him to graze or browse. He never let me get far away however. Usually before I was out of sight he would start after me. When I turned round I could see him coming at an easy gallop, leaping a stream where one lay between us, and rising easily at every rock and bush in his path as though he disdained to turn aside. And when he leaped, it seemed as if he were not satisfied with merely clearing an obstacle; he would fling his lithe body far higher than necessary, and even give additional emphasis to his abandon by a final toss of his hind legs, as if to show that he still had plenty of reserve. He followed me to the border of the forest, and after daintily eating some candy from a paper bag, he turned and disappeared among the trees.

The next time I met Actæon he was strolling

He Was More Beautiful Than Ever

along the border of a wood with three does. At my call he left the does, who bounded away in alarm, while he came trotting straight to the spot where

His Antlers Were Full Grown

I was awaiting him. If possible he was more beautiful than ever. His antlers though full grown were still in the velvet. They not only had a very decided drop, but they had branched, each antler now having two blunt tines. Very often the first horns of white-tailed deer are single-spiked — hence the

term "spike-horn" buck. But in this case the antlers were much better grown, possibly as the result of a good and plentiful food supply.

He was playful with his antlers that day, and sometimes, taking one of my legs between the points, he would twist his head round, and it seemed that he deliberately tried to throw me.

Once when walking beside a barbed wire fence, he touched one of the antler points and scratched it. It bled as freely as any other part of his body would have done. He enjoyed having his velvety horns rubbed, and he would come to me again and again, and in the gentlest manner place them in my hands, as if inviting me to stroke them.

It was but a few weeks, and the mature antlers had developed, becoming in the due process of nature hard and sharp-pointed. As the blood vessels dried up, the antlers shrank, and the velvety covering shriveled and hung in strips. To rid himself of these loose bits, Actæon rubbed his head against the trunks of trees, or thrust it into bushes, so that gradually the last traces of the "velvet" disappeared. Towards the end of September the antlers, though small, were perfectly developed.

Daily during this period Actæon was accustomed

to come to the gate of the game preserve, and look eagerly towards the house as if inviting us to join him, and we never allowed him to go away disap-

His Antlers Were Perfectly Developed

pointed. Always one of us would go down to welcome and caress him, usually to walk with him in the forest.

There are few times in the year when we feel as grateful for a change in the weather as during those

short, glorious days in November, "when the summer comes to say good-bye," the Indian summer with the smile that seems the kindlier by contrast with

He Would Wait For Us at the Gate

the rough greeting of the early fall. And it is a time when kindly smiles are appreciated, for the wild flowers are asleep, and many of our four-footed friends have withdrawn to their winter retreats. Gone, too, is the grand display of autumn coloring,

and most of the trees are leafless, their grey branches exposed to the light. Though white oaks and beeches may still retain their leaves, the foliage is

Actæon Eating an Apple

crisp and withered, and rustles with every breath of wind.

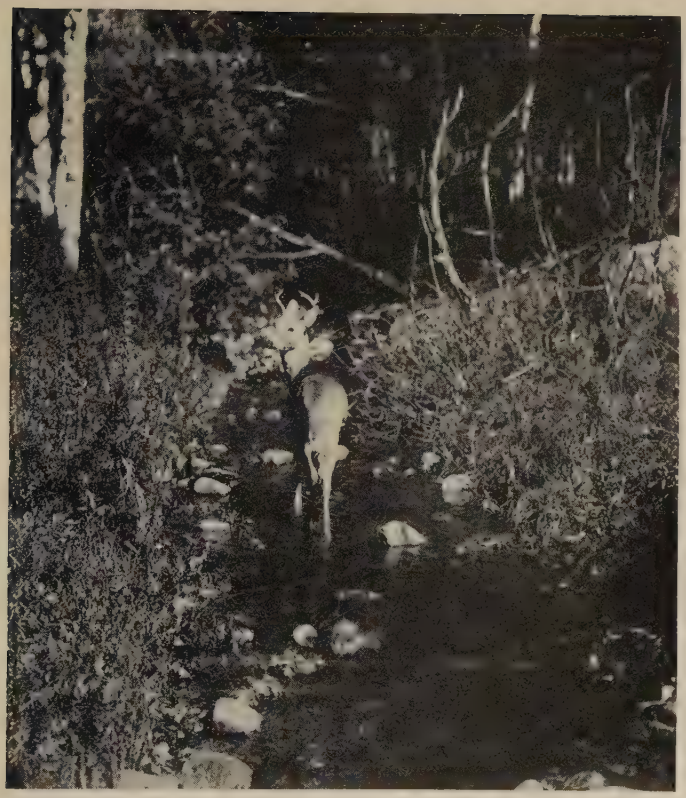
We had had five such lovely days, when a brisk breeze blew up, dispelling the haze and leaving the atmosphere clear and bracing. It was an ideal day for photographing, and when Actæon appeared at the gate and looked eagerly towards the house, we accepted his invitation to spend the day with him in the forest.

Actæon had again changed his red coat for the heavy brown one. He was not inclined to be vicious, as many tame bucks are in the fall and winter, but allowed us to caress him as much as we chose, provided always that we did not interfere with his chief occupation of eating apples, which he held securely to the ground with his upper jaw as he daintily sliced them with his lower teeth. Had he been older it would not have been safe to caress him, for after the second year no tame buck is safe, and many are most dangerous.

We went far up the mountain trail, coming out at length upon a ledge of rocks from which we had a broad view of the surrounding country. We sat down to enjoy it all, and Actæon lay down beside us seeming to enjoy it too. At least, he lay there contentedly, blinking his soft eyes and calmly chewing the cud.

As we resumed our walk over the hills, across brooks and through swamps, Actæon followed, lingering here and there to eat the fallen apples. We never tired of watching him. Wherever he went he made a picture, enhancing the landscape by his graceful movements and rich coloring. How beautiful he looked as he walked up a brook, picking

He Would Stop to Eat the Fallen Apples



Actæon Walking Up the Brook

his way gracefully among the stones in the bubbling water, his coat ever changing in the lights and shadows falling upon it. Sometimes as he emerged from deep shade, the tips of his antlers would catch the sunlight and gleam like burnished gold. Some-

He Stood Motionless As a Statue

times his body was dappled all over, while again, it was so completely absorbed into the background that it seemed to become one with the running water and to vanish from our sight.

We spent the day with him, photographing him in many positions. As the light faded we turned in the direction of home. Actæon followed us, but we soon observed his growing interest in the woodland, from whence there appeared to come sounds inaudible to us. As some whisper reached his sensitive ears, his eyes would turn in the direction, and his intelligence seemed instantly to interpret the sign to his own satisfaction.

We had almost reached home when Actæon left us, presently to be joined by three does — perhaps the same three we had seen with him in September. Together they climbed a hill to the westward, and walked slowly along the ridge in single file, four graceful silhouettes against the reddening afterglow. One by one the does dropped out of sight, but Actæon paused and looked back. For a few moments he stood motionless as a statue. Then he, too, dropped out of our view and disappeared behind the crest of Sunset Ridge.

# MY INTERESTING NEIGHBORS

One of the Handsomest Skunks I Ever Met

merely to show that many people seem quite unable to take advantage, even of such good opportunities as come to them of studying a very interesting animal.

To be sure young skunks, like other young folks, have less wisdom than they might have, and being, perhaps, a trifle too conscious of their power, sometimes go around with a chip on their shoulders, so to speak; but skunks which have arrived at years of discretion have too much sense to get into unnecessary quarrels, to say nothing of their disinclination to waste ammunition. When they do make things unpleasant for anybody it is because bitter experience has taught them to adopt David Harum's rule: "Do unto the other feller the way he'd like to do unto you — and do it fust."

Personally, I have never met a skunk who wasn't a perfect lady or gentleman. Though not in the lease superstitious, I rap hard on the handle of my walking-stick at this point, because I realize that I may meet other skunks, and that there is great individuality among animals.

One of the handsomest skunks I ever met I became acquainted with in this way. I was walking past a neighbor's farm one autumn evening when

I saw a large skunk entering the henhouse. The owner of the farm had been wanting to meet that skunk for some time as it had been eating his chickens, so thinking that I would do a kind and neighborly act, I walked across to the next field where my neighbor was spading celery and told him of his visitor. He said, — well, never mind what he said. It was evident that he was prejudiced against skunks, and his description of this one was not strictly scientific. Now the saying that "three's a crowd" is never more true than when a skunk is one of the three, so I decided to wait nearby until the interview was over. I watched my neighbor pick up his spade and start for the henhouse. He was saying rude things about the skunk and its relatives, and when he reached the building, he was still saying unpleasant things about the skunk. And I don't think the skunk cared two cents, and I think that he would have gone quietly home, but just as he was coming out of the hen-house door, the farmer struck a violent blow at him with his spade. Now, perhaps you don't know it, but skunks don't like that sort of thing. They are not quarrelsome, but they insist upon being treated with respect. The farmer was in a towering passion, and unfortunately for

him he missed his aim. The skunk, was perfectly calm and cool, and his aim was much better in con-

He Looked Up and Saw Me

sequence. In fact, he made a bull's eye and having done so, walked modestly away. Having reason to believe that I could do nothing to console the farmer for failing to win his marksmanship badge, I fol-

lowed the skunk's example and went quietly home.

Not long after this happening I was sitting one evening, just inside the border of a wood, near a lake, watching the black ducks as they dropped onto the water for the night. Presently I heard the pattering of small feet on the dry leaves in the wood behind me, and, turning cautiously around, I saw the farmer's victorious enemy, wobbling along toward me with his nose to the ground. When he was quite near he looked up and saw me and as I caught his eye, there seemed to be a twinkle in it, though of course this must have been imagination.

I followed him to the lake where after sniffing the water and taking a drink he began scraping a hole in the sand with his long front claws. He soon found what he was digging for, and with his head on one side he chewed at some small object as though he enjoyed it. Then he dug another small hole, and then another, and after that he waddled back into the wood, where I saw him scratch vigorously at the foot of a decayed stump, possibly trying to get at the wild mice which lived there. But he soon gave this up, and when he went off I followed him, to find out where he lived. His home turned out to be but a short distance from my own, and near

a stone wall in a burrow once occupied by a woodchuck.

Very soon I discovered that a mate shared the burrow with him, and I began to regard the pair as my nearest neighbors. One afternoon I carried over

I Gave Them a Plymouth Rock Hen for Supper

a Plymouth Rock hen for their supper. I was prompted to do this partly because I knew they had had pretty bad luck on their hunting expeditions of late, and partly because I wished to see if I could get them to come within range of a camera which I intended to hide in the bushes nearby. When I came to the burrow I pushed the hen into it, and then pulling it out I trailed it over the ground to a

spot near the stone wall, which would make a good background for both the black and white parts of the skunks' fur, in case I could get the animals to pose for me. Then I hid myself and waited. Almost an hour passed when to my great satisfaction, the weasel-like head of a skunk appeared at the mouth of the burrow. The black muzzle with its characteristic white stripe down the middle, was raised to sniff the air, wobbling up and down and from side to side, as the noses of inquisitive skunks are wont to do. Then slowly and cautiously the entire body was drawn from the hole, and with nose to the ground, he followed the trail of the hen to the spot where I had dropped it. He seized it with his teeth and dragged it under a heap of brush nearby. But this was not quite in accordance with my plan so I gently drove him away, and placing the hen once more in a position where it was visible from my hiding-place, I secured it with a stake. In a little while the second skunk came sniffing out of the burrow, and soon found her way to the food. She too made an attempt to carry it off, but the stake was too much for her. However, she did not give it up at once, but, bracing her feet against the ground, tugged away bravely until she succeeded in tearing off a

large piece, which she ate in full view, licking her lips and otherwise expressing appreciation of the meal. Having eaten this piece she returned to the rest, and lying down beside it, gnawed away with her head on one side as a dog might gnaw a bone. At a rustling in the grass I turned my head and saw the first skunk returning to the feast at a fast wobble, his bushy tail high in the air. The one in possession of the food showed no signs of generosity, but greeted him with snarling squeals and puckered lips and even attempted to strike him with her forepaws. However, they both got hold of the hen and tugged this way and that, snarling all the while, until it became dark, when I went away and left them to argue it out.

After that I fed my furry neighbors often and I believe they began to look for me. It was no longer necessary to hide myself; I just spoke to them, put down my offering, retired to a little distance, and out they would come.

One morning in early May, I was passing the burrow, when to my great delight I saw lying at the mouth of it the mother skunk with six little skunklets all taking their medicine at once. It seemed a wonderful opportunity, but for a few mo-

ments I hardly knew how to take advantage of it. The mother's head was down the burrow and her tail was toward the entrance. When should I ever see another family of young skunks? I decided to take a chance. I spoke to the mother and she raised her head over her shoulder and, looking at me as much as to say: "Oh, is that you?" she lay down again and the youngsters went on nursing. Then it seemed I went a step too far. I stooped down and with the tips of my fingers I very gently touched her fur. Like a flash of light the long, bushy tail went into the air, and if you know anything about skunks you know that that's the signal "Clear the decks for action." I said to myself, "The supreme moment has come. Whether you are to remain here, an honored guest of this little family, or to retire in discomfort and confusion, will be decided in about two seconds." I made the most of those seconds, speaking rapidly, but in the most soothing tone at my command, and, to my great relief that very expressive tail was lowered slowly—horribly slowly, to the ground, and for the moment at least, I was safe.

But I hadn't accomplished my object yet, so I gently persisted, continuing to speak softly and at

the same time advancing my hand firmly but cautiously until I felt one of the baby skunks. With the tips of my thumb and forefinger I detached him from his mother, drew him slowly out of the burrow, arose to my feet and ran off home, to study and weigh and photograph my queer little prize.

My Queer Little Prize

He was a sturdy, vigorous infant weighing one and a quarter ounces, and his entire body, with the exception of the soles of the feet and the tip of the nose, was covered with fine hair. The black-and-white markings, so striking in full-grown skunks, were well defined even at this age, being mapped out not only on the hair but also on the skin itself. The fore legs were heavier and stronger than the hind

legs, and the claws though blunt were well developed. The little fellow was blind, toothless and apparently deaf, but not by any means dumb, for as he crawled about, doubtless groping for his source of food supply, he kept up an almost continuous sucking sound, interspersed with lusty squeaks of a peculiar vibratory character.

When he became tired I picked him up and he went to sleep in my hand. Within an hour he had been examined, weighed, measured and photographed and I was on my way back to the den. By this time he was hungry and he squeaked louder than ever. I saw no necessity for tempting Providence again so soon, so I placed the baby on the ground near the burrow and retired. Of course the little fellow redoubled his cries when he found himself on the cold ground, and almost immediately his mother's head appeared at the door of her home. She sniffed right and left and then came out to look for her baby. She quickly spied him, and, waddling over, picked him up by the skin of his neck and backed into the den.

The following day when I called, I found that the little family had been moved much farther from the mouth of the burrow and it was with some difficulty

that I succeeded in getting out one of the babies. I placed him on the ground at some distance from the entrance, and then, I remained close to the hole. Presently the mother came out and I took the rest of the babies and placed them on the grass with the other one. Then while the mother was busy with them, I blocked up the far end of the hole with stones. If I had left the burrow open she would likely have carried the babies so far back that my observations would have been interrupted; as it was I continued to visit my queer little neighbors for weeks, photographing them at all stages of development and studying their actions.

I became very chummy with the mother, and before the end of a fortnight she almost encouraged me to pat her and scratch her head. She seemed to realize that I had no intention of hurting her or her babies and she not only allowed me to borrow them whenever I wanted to, but when I brought them back she would come out to meet me, take them from my fingers and carry them home.

The little family would have been a model of domestic felicity but for one thing—the treatment of the father. The latter was scarcely considered a member of the household any longer. He was not

She Would Take Her Babies from My Hand

allowed to enter the burrow at all, and when he came near, it was a signal for trouble. Sometimes in the evening I saw the poor fellow come toward his old home, allured perhaps as much by the odor of the food I had brought as by any love of his children; but the mother received him in the doorway with indignant squeals, stamping her forefeet angrily and sometimes even coming out and chasing him off the premises. So I helped them out by feeding father separately at some distance from the home.

Soon after the babies opened their eyes we took three of them to our home in order to become better acquainted with them. We fed them with a medicine dropper and although they struggled against this method at first, they quickly learned to take their milk quietly, and in a very short time they began to look for it and to struggle for possession of the dropper. After being fed they would play together for a few minutes and then go to sleep.

After awhile we taught them to feed themselves from a saucer. They were mussy about it at first, putting their paws into the milk just as young kittens will do, but they soon learned better manners, and they would drink from the same saucer without

We Fed Them with a Medicine Drooper

quarreling. When they were about six weeks old they were given their first solid food — small bits of raw beef, which they chewed carefully.

As they grew larger I used to take them out into

They Soon Learned to Feed Themselves

the fields with me and watch them catch crickets and grasshoppers. Their usual method was to catch their prey by putting their paws on it and then to kill it by rolling it on the ground with their feet. Afterward they would often carry it off to

eat it in some secluded spot. Sometimes they would have a dispute over the quarry and would squeal and stamp their forefeet and in the end they would seize the disputed property and have a tug of war

He Would Squeal and Stamp His Forefeet

for it. They did not confine themselves entirely to animal food, but ate the wild cherries they found under the trees, and picked blackberries and raspberries for themselves, first pulling down the branches with their paws.

They were extremely good-natured little fellows

although somewhat perverse at times, running off with all their might when I wanted to take them home and stamping at me petulantly, like spoiled children, when I went to pick them up.

They Swam with Their Bushy Tails Straight Out Behind Them

They seemed rather fond of water and in warm weather did not hesitate to wade in up to their shoulders or even to swim across a stream or small pond. They swam very well too, with their bushy tails straight out behind them. The long fur, containing a great deal of air, buoyed them up famously, and even after they had been swimming for several

minutes the under fur would be perfectly dry. Upon landing they would throw off the water, vigorously shaking body and tail separately.

By the time I had completed my study of the skunks they were full grown. I gave them their freedom, liberating them in a wilderness paradise where for all I know they are still leading happy lives.

DAUNTLESS

Dunrobin

# DAUNTLESS

## THE STORY OF A TIMBER WOLF

A BIG healthy timber wolf that has learned the ways of men can make a stockman lose more sleep than any other American animal I know, unless it be a very unusual grizzly-bear. Silent, stealthy, quick-moving and man-wise; grey as the half-light and the rocks of the Bad Lands; powerful, ferocious and often emboldened by hunger, he is a veritable shadow of death and a stalking menace to the live-stock industry.

Timber wolves are still numerous in a number of our western states, and wherever they are found they are a power to be reckoned with. Traveling in small bands, as they frequently do, the losses they cause to the stockmen are sometimes ruinous. Many wolves seem to prefer to hunt alone, and there is no domestic animal in this country that an "old grey" cannot tear down single-handed. A full-grown wolf will easily kill a thousand dollars' worth

of live-stock a year and under favorable circumstances the damage may run to four or five times that amount.

In such states as South Dakota, where cattle ranges often adjoin wild and rough country, like the Bad Lands, the situation is peculiarly difficult. The wolves come in at night and boldly attack horses, cattle, sheep or pigs, and retire to almost inaccessible fastnesses before daylight. An occasional deep-chested howl may be heard echoing among the hills — a not too definite clew to the whereabouts of the marauders. It is no uncommon thing for a ranchman to come out in the morning to find cattle lying dead, and perhaps a valuable colt limping about because the wolves have torn lumps of flesh from his flanks and hind quarters. Well-to-do cattle owners weather such losses, but small farmers with only a few animals may be ruined in a night.

The timber wolf is a problem of which there have been many attempted solutions. There are professional "wolfers" who make their living by trapping and poisoning wolves and other destructive animals. In April and May they also track the wolves to their dens and dig out the puppies. If

the hunter is a small man he will sometimes crawl into the den, and by the light of a flash-lamp shoot the mother-wolf with a pistol and put the pups into a bag. It takes a good nerve to do this, because he may not kill the mother instantly and a wounded wolf, when cornered, is apt to fight. These "wolfers" are paid a bounty by the state and sometimes a larger one by the stockmen. For example, the state of South Dakota used to pay $5.00 for every full grown wolf and $2.00 for every puppy.

But even the "wolfers" were not able to solve the problem, and finally Uncle Sam himself decided to take a hand. He sent out a little army of men —more than 260 of them—into fifteen mountain and prairie states, with instructions to reduce the number of predatory animals, which were causing enormous damage. With the co-operation of the stockmen, farmers and state agricultural departments, they have prevented losses amounting to many millions of dollars and they bid fair to solve the timber wolf problem.

But if you want a really intimate acquaintance with timber wolves, you must have them right in your own home. Authorities differ as to the number it is advisable to start with. I maintain that four

are enough for the average family. Doubtless there are many who will think that I am too conservative—that six, eight or even ten are better. They may be right, but my advice, particularly if you have children, is that you begin with not more than four.

The first timber wolves I ever owned were born in a zoölogical garden, and I remember our meeting very well. I was standing in front of the wolf dens and close to them, when I heard the quiet voice of a keeper who was standing beside me.

"Look out, there, sir! That big timber wolf in the last cage is a devil; if you put your hand within reach he'll have your fingers off before you know it. He killed two of his own cubs the other day, and since then, when a wolf in the next pen stuck a paw through the bars, that fellow chewed it badly."

Here was an interesting study indeed. I took a step back, that I might get a better look at him—and for other reasons. He was not a really bad one to look at. He was powerfully built, with a broad chest, immense bones and a handsome head, showing strength and self-confidence. A long red scar on his left cheek suggested a recent combat.

His eyes were following the movements of a wolf in the next pen and he was whining after the manner of a big dog who sights an enemy but is restrained from getting at him.

Presently, the wolf "next door" came close to the dividing bars and a change came over the big fellow that was startling to see. One moment he had been little more than a large, restless dog; the next, he was a great murderous timber wolf, the long hair of his neck and back standing on end and seeming to double his size and ferocity. There was a savage light in his eyes, and his lips were curled back in a sinister grin, displaying two lines of big white fangs.

"That," said the keeper, with a sniff, and jerking his thumb toward the menacing brute before me, "is the father of those cubs you've come for, and I guess you'll find they're all wolf—that is, what's left of them."

"What's left of 'em" proved to be six, their amiable father having killed two of them before he was removed from the cage. We went around to look at the survivors and found them curled up together in a corner of their den, just a single bunch of grey fur. Their mother, an alert, light-footed creature, circled silently about us and watched

anxiously as we looked the youngsters over. Presently, four of them were put into a box, covered with wire netting, and ready for their journey to our home in New Hampshire.

Naturally the infants would have to be fed en route, so it was necessary to lay in a supply of milk, and a baby's bottle with which to administer it.

I was going home by way of Boston and my train left New York at eleven in the evening. I arrived at the Grand Central Station too late to get anything but an "upper," and I boarded the train just as it was about to start. The porter was busy making up a berth, and I set my wolves carefully covered with a cloth on the floor of the smoking room, and waited. Near me was a good-natured looking fellow with whom I exchanged a few words and who happened to have the berth below my own.

Presently the little captives, getting hungry no doubt, began to scratch on the side of their box.

"Hello," said the man. "What have you got there?"

"Hush," I answered, putting my finger to my lips. "Tomato plants."

"Ah, I thought so by the sound," he replied. "Well, as I have the berth just under yours, I hope

they won't grow through the side of the box before morning."

Presently the porter came for my bag and some other traps, but the "tomato plants" I carried myself. I swung the box up into my berth and followed it at once, keeping up a rather loud and running fire of conversation with the porter to drown the whines and scratches of the babies, who were getting more hungry every moment. At last he was gone, and I "drew the drapery of my couch around me," but without a thought of "lying down to pleasant dreams." As soon as I took the cover from the box, the wolf puppies flowed over the top and fairly besieged me, whining with all their might. In their eagerness for food, they raced all over the bed. Two of them scrambled to the very edge of the berth and would have toppled over into the aisle, if I had not saved them by snatching them back by their tails. Hungry as they were, as yet they knew nothing of nursing bottles, but fortunately I found a medicine dropper with which I pumped into my little charges enough milk to last them until morning. In the excitement we must have made more noise than I had been aware of, and just as I had put the last cub back into the box, the curtains were

drawn apart and a black face appeared at the opening.

"What's de trouble, suh? Aw you sick, suh?"

"No, just a little restless, that's all."

Just then a wolf cub popped his head over the

One Cub After Another Popped Up Over the Top of the Box

top of the box; it was followed by a second and a third and a fourth. This was before the days of alleged prohibition, and the darkey's eyes seemed about to say "good bye." For all he knew there were a hundred wolves still to come out of that box. If a leopard had seen the sight, no doubt his spots

would have stayed right where they were, but it would not have surprised me one bit to see "the Ethiopian change his skin."

But silver "hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and I began to do some charming before the porter could recover sufficiently to run away.

"Here's something for your trouble," I shot at him and added sternly, "there'll be another just like it in the morning if you don't disturb me again to-night."

With one eye on the wolves he automatically put out his hand for the money. Then as nothing more seemed to be coming out of the box, light of a kind not seen "in darkest Africa" began to dawn on his horizon.

"Aw right, suh," and showing ivory from ear to ear, he drew the curtains close together and disappeared down the dimly lighted aisle.

After the porter had gone the little wolves settled down in their box for the night and were so still that I never should have known they were in the berth. When I awoke the train was running into Boston, so I gave the cubs a hasty breakfast and having dressed myself, started out of the car, the

porter carrying the live-stock and grinning in anticipation of the promised tip.

Business made it necessary to stop over for a day in Boston, so I took the youngsters straight to my hotel. Looking over the house rules, I noticed that dogs and cats were not allowed in the rooms. Fortunately wolves were not mentioned—neither were kangaroos for that matter—so I registered and sent the boy ahead with my bags, following at some distance with my precious box. I sent him up on one elevator; I followed on the next. In every way I minimized the chances of his hearing any stray whines or scratchings which might find their way out of the box. Bellboys as a class are not "understanding souls."

Now I must have some warm milk for the infants and I went downstairs for it myself. The Irish waiter who took the bottle said with a smile, "Fur a baby Oi suppaws?" And meeting his smile with another, I answered brazenly, "For babies, yes."

"Glory to God now, it's twins, is ut? It's the proud man ye must be." And away he went to get the milk.

When I let the little wolves out in my room I got my first really good look at them. The casual ob-

server would have thought they were puppy dogs of some kind, though he would not have recalled the breed precisely. A certain "wolfish" look about the ears might have made him a little suspicious, and they had a way of shuffling off into dark corners with their tails pressed close to their bodies that was not exactly doglike.

Their hair was of two kinds; a short, woolly gray fur, with a much longer and coarser hair sprinkled through it. The longer hair was darker in color, but most of it was tipped with white. The paws and under parts were lighter in color than the backs, the faces and ears were yellowish brown and the ends of the muzzles and chins were black. They were sober little fellows, not at all inclined to be playful just then, and apparently all they wanted was to pile up in a little gray heap and be left alone. When I pulled them out to feed them, they refused to drink their milk, and it was necessary to make them take at least a little. As soon as I set them down they crawled around until they found the box. It was so tall that only by standing on their hind legs could they reach the rim of it, yet they managed to scramble in somehow. Now why had they taken the trouble to get into that box? Pos-

sibly the confined space and the high sides gave a sense of security. But I am inclined to think that they recognized that box as the most familiar or homelike thing in the room. I changed its position several times, but they went to it wherever it was,

He Soon Learned to Drink from a Saucer

and later when they reached New Hampshire they regarded the box as home, until I took it away and gave them more spacious quarters.

The young wolves did not take at all kindly to a baby's bottle nor to a medicine dropper, so as soon as we reached home I gave them some milk in a saucer, and they quickly learned to lap it. But it

was a very short time before they showed that a milk diet would not answer their requirements indefinitely. After taking a few laps, they would leave the rest and come toddling up to me, whining, as if they were looking for something else. I tried them with a piece of raw beef, and they showed at once that I had guessed right the very first time. And their natures changed as suddenly as their diet; one moment they were innocent, toddling, blue-eyed infants — the next they were wild beasts, their savage nature on top in an instant.

Never having seen meat before, naturally they did not know what it looked like and they did not recognize it by sight; but that the odor had a meaning for them there is no doubt. Acting with intense eagerness under some urge, they ran about the room hunting for what was in plain sight, but as yet unrecognized by the eye. So intent were they on the odor of what they sought, that they ran over the meat several times before they knew what it was. But as each one realized that he had found the object of his search, he literally "snapped into it" and began to tear and chew, growling as horribly as such a diminutive bunch of fur can manage to growl. The noise was greatest when two cubs ap-

proached each other and began to gnaw at the same corner of the meat. The growls would grow louder and louder, the cubs would push and shoulder one another, bracing their feet firmly as they did so, until one would lose control and fly straight at the

They Would Growl Horribly

other. Then there would be a pitched battle for several seconds during which no damage was done on either side.

These wolf cubs were not nearly so playful as the fox cubs which have from time to time come under my observation. They squabbled and pulled one another about sometimes, but never gave them-

selves up to the fun of romping as the foxes used to do. Occasionally they would venture to play with me, tugging at my trousers, or chewing my shoe laces, and if at such times I threw them the end of

Dauntless Playing with a String

a string, one of them would pick it up and play tug of war with me.

They could use their voices in many ways, including a fetching little bark and if I gave an imitation of a wolf howl, they would all raise their muzzles in the air and answer with the spirit and

tone, if not with the volume of full grown timber wolves.

I had noticed from the first a marked difference in the characters of the young wolves. Two of

His First Howl

them were much more courageous than the others and when there was a battle for the possession of any particular piece of meat, one or the other of this pair was sure to come off victorious. These differences were not to be accounted for by difference in size,

because the bolder pair included the smallest of the four, and the largest happened to be the most timid.

I think I never saw any animals with such ravenous appetites and for the first time I fully appreciated the meaning of the saying, "as hungry as a wolf." They were fond of fruit, especially sweet apples. (I have seen a half grown wolf eat a dozen at a meal.) But their principal food was raw meat. They wanted lots of it, and I let them have it in spite of warnings from well meaning friends that it would "make them very savage."

They were indeed a husky quartette, and when they were a little more than half grown I began to think that, after all, perhaps four wolves were more than I really needed. In fact I felt quite sure of it when one night I found they had all escaped from their den.

Just before retiring I had gone outdoors as usual to see that my animal guests were all comfortable for the night. The ground was deeply covered with snow and there was a crust on top sufficiently hard to bear my weight. The mercury had fallen to zero, and the full moon shone through the clear atmosphere. The snow-covered ground glittered as though covered with myriads of precious stones.

What a glorious night it was! Too wonderful I thought to spend in sleep. But an exceptionally busy day had left me with a sense of weariness which I knew should be respected. However, I changed my mind a little later when I reached the wolf house and found it empty. I hurried into the next field calling them as I went and presently to my great relief I saw the four cubs running toward me. I congratulated myself that I had found them so easily, but when at the end of an hour I had not succeeded in catching even one of them, I began to think that I should spend the night out of doors after all.

The little rascals would run up to me, touch my outstretched hand with their noses and dash away before I could get hold of them. They appeared to be having the time of their lives, and for awhile I, too, enjoyed the game. But as I grew more weary, the cubs grew more lively. I could not leave them free all night as they were well-grown and might get into serious mischief before morning.

I knew that Mrs. Baynes would gladly help me, but I hated to get her out in the middle of the night, in zero weather, to chase wolves. However, I had been at the game for several hours and at 2 A.M. I

realized that without some help I would be chasing those wolves the rest of the night. So very reluctantly I went into the house to call her. I made considerable noise in the hall, then opening the door of her room I put my head in and asked if she was awake. She admitted that something had just awakened her from a sound sleep. I explained the situation, cautioned her to dress warmly and incidentally mentioned the marvelous beauty of the night. She laughed and said, "Well, some day I am going to write a book and the title will be—'The Trials of A Naturalist's Wife.'" And I knew that she would have enough material for at least two volumes.

We were soon on the job and after Mrs. Baynes had watched for awhile my game of tag with those four shadowy forms, she returned to the house and presently reappeared with a large plate of meat. She soon got the cubs interested in the food and they left me and followed her into the house. I quickly closed the door. At last they were safe for the night, and we left them enjoying their feast.

The following day I realized that two wolves were quite enough for my purpose, and that the timid pair would doubtless be happier away from their

brothers, who had become hostile to them. So I decided to keep the two who were chummy and dispose of the others.

One of the survivors we named Death, because of his dark color and peculiarly forbidding look, and

They Romped and Played Together

the other, the larger, we named Dauntless, because he had always been the most fearless of the four.

Death and Dauntless were great friends and never fought, though at meal-times they often growled a mutual warning to respect one another's rights. They romped and played a great deal, and appeared to be perfectly happy together.

After their brothers went away, Death and Dauntless became much more manageable, and I frequently took them for walks with me in the Forest. It was most interesting to see them working together through the woods and across clearings, or splashing along trout brooks in a cloud of spray. They were creatures of seemingly tireless energy, galloping along for hours at a stretch, their long tongues lolling from their mouths. Sometimes they would start a rabbit from beneath the low growing spruce branches where he had been sitting, and often they would send a red squirrel scurrying up a tree in a panic of fright. They would watch him in apparent amazement, as he sat on a branch over their heads, chattering remarks that sounded as if Master Redskin were bursting with indignation and defiance. Sometimes they would scratch for mice under fallen logs or in the long grass, and when their efforts were rewarded by finding a nest of little rodents, they would gobble them up so quickly that I seldom had an opportunity to rescue them.

If there was anything that Death and Dauntless enjoyed more than a walk with me, it was to be allowed to pay a visit to "Romulus" the coyote, who had been deprived of full freedom since his last

and biggest offense against the property of my nearest neighbor. I put him on a long chain the last

Death and Dauntless Watching a Squirrel

link of which ran upon a wire stretched across the orchard, which gave him a range of a hundred feet or more. Here I would sometimes take the two young wolves and it would be hard to say whether

the host or his visitors were most delighted. They would all wag their tails and whine affectionately, the prairie-wolf racing from end to end of his long wire, with Death and Dauntless in hot pursuit. Then Romulus would stand still, shut his eyes and allow his visitors to lick his face and chew his ears. Sometimes I would take part in the game by tossing sticks and apples for the wolves to race after.

Death and Dauntless grew rapidly in size and strength and when I saw them one day putting their teeth through a galvanized iron pail, just for amusement, I realized that they must be kept under control. So I had two pens made for them: one indoors, which they occupied at night and in bad weather, and one outdoors, to romp in during the daytime. To an assistant fell the sometimes strenuous task of transferring them from one to the other, night and morning, and, to his credit be it said, he seldom had a mishap. One day, however, he had been off in the woods until nightfall, and while attempting to handle the wolves in the dark, they got away from him. I knew that one of the things they would do would be to pay a visit to Romulus, so we went to the orchard and found the runaways already on the ground. But they scampered off across the fields

and of course we had to follow, vainly endeavoring to keep them in sight. They quickly disappeared over a stone wall which skirted a road, but finding their footprints we followed with confidence. We had nearly reached a farmhouse when we heard a fearful commotion among the pigs. The sty was in one corner of the barnyard, and from it came a perfect storm of excited grunts and squeals. My assistant was a little in advance with a lantern, and as he neared the sty I could see strange shadows moving fast upon the farther wall. Looking over into the sty I saw a queer sight. Dauntless was chasing five or six pigs round and round at a pace much faster than they would have traveled for their health, while Death sat on his haunches and expectantly licked his chops. Dauntless was just about to make the acquaintance of one of the porkers when I jumped into the pen and stopped the game.

But I could not catch the wolves, who sailed over the farther wall and were off in the direction of the henyard. On their way they ran through a flock of ducks, which scattered to the four winds of night with all the ado that a flock of excited ducks can set up.

So I went to this lonely wolf when he called and tried to cheer him up, but at first he would have little to do with me. He took his food and ate it sullenly, and if I attempted to approach him he would retire to the farthest corner of his den. So I let him alone, but visited him often, and simply sat down to keep him company. About a week after I had begun to make him regular visits I entered his den and thought I detected the suggestion of pleasure on his face. I put out my hand, but he shied off, so I sat down to watch him. In a far corner of the den he lay on the ground with his big head between his fore paws and through his half closed eyes he watched me in silence. Presently he arose, looked at me steadily, walked slowly forward, touched the back of my hand with his nose and retreated. Another long look, another advance, and he thrust out his muzzle and licked my face. I sat absolutely still, knowing that to startle him now might spoil some most interesting observations; but all he did was to reach forward and take my cheek very gently in his front teeth and begin to pull in a half-questioning way, as though to see how I would take it. Much as I hated to disturb him, I felt that it was my turn to move so I put out my

Dauntless with the Author

hand quietly and he let go at once. But it was evident that a change had come over him, for, instead of running away, he crouched before me in a playful attitude, as though challenging me to romp with him. I accepted and we had strenuous fun,

dodging and twisting and jumping over one another until one of us had had all he could stand. Naturally, that one was not Dauntless, and the big wolf, no longer sullen, but with a face full of mischief, tugged at my clothing, apparently in an effort to drag me into the game again.

Since that day Dauntless and I have understood one another pretty well, and we have had many happy hours together.

I tried taking him for long tramps, unhampered by collar or chain and he was good until something living crossed his path and then he was a wild timber wolf and a whirlwind would have obeyed me about as well. One day the live thing was a large dog, and before I could interfere the wolf fairly hurled himself upon it. The dog was knocked head over heels and it was necessary to move with more speed than discretion in order to save him. Dauntless did not attempt to bite me, but he struggled with me desperately in his efforts to go in and finish his work. To add to the excitement I lost my footing in the scuffle, fell to the ground, and during the next few minutes my friend and I tore up the buttercups and daisies over several yards of the roadside. As for the dog, he needed no instructions; and with but three legs

in commission, the time he made in the direction of the horizon was remarkable.

After that when Dauntless went walking with me, he went on a chain—a chain that was a compliment to his strength.

Sometimes He Would Catch a Woodchuck

Dauntless frequently appeared with me on the lecture platform where he seemed to view the audience with the calm indifference of a being quite superior to the applause with which he was always received. I shall never forget an incident which occurred in a certain New England city, where I was to lecture in the evening. I arrived in the after-

I Took Him to Walk on a Chain

noon and after feeding the wolf, chained him in the basement of the Opera House. Some two hours later, as I was walking on the street, a messenger rushed up to me to say that the wolf had freed himself and was holding the basement, to the serious inconvenience of the stage carpenters, who dared not enter to continue their work. I hurried to the scene of inaction, and as I went to the basement I was closely followed by half a dozen people who had an absurd faith in my ability to keep the wolf in order. They stood in the doorway as I went toward the wolf, who was drawn up to his full height at the farther end of the building. He saw them there and before I could reach him he started for the door, not fast, but with evident purpose. As he approached, the long hair on his back and neck stood straight on end and an ominous growl rolled through the basement. As I ran across the floor I glanced toward the door; it had been closed until there was nothing but a crack and at this, there were four pairs of eyes one above another. The next instant the door closed with a bang and Dauntless and I were alone.

One day I noticed in a Boston newspaper that their big dog show was soon to open and the idea

occurred to me that Dauntless would make a most interesting exhibit. So I decided to try a little joke on the kennel club and I sent at once for an entry blank. I described the wolf as "Dauntless Teddy" Buffalo Hound; sire "Tearjacket"; dam, "The Devil's Own." The entry was duly accepted and Dauntless Teddy was assigned to stall No. 882.

The morning the show opened, many people walking in the Back Bay turned to see a curious looking dog which was being led in the direction of Mechanics Hall, where the show was to be held. In color, he was gray, with a large, well-knit frame, massive head, with short erect ears, large but perfectly formed paws and a bushy tail, slightly arched near the root. He traveled at a loping trot and with a lightness of foot that few dogs can approach.

On entering the Hall, he passed under the vigilant eyes of the Kennel Club officials, some of whom looked very wise and even hinted that "Dauntless Teddy" was about as fine a specimen of Buffalo Hound as they had ever seen. The big gray dog trotted lightly across the hall to his bench, where he was chained and where he soon lay down in the straw. With his head between his paws he calmly watched the crowd through an open wire screen,

erected to prevent any mischievous person from annoying him. Upon this screen was hung a sign with the legend, " 'Dauntless Teddy,' Buffalo Hound."

All day long and until 10 P.M., when the show closed for the night, an admiring crowd gathered about the bench, commenting on the good looks of the beast, or smiling when he lazily opened his mouth and displayed the grandest array of teeth they had ever seen.

Among the visitors was one of the chief officials of a rival kennel club, and the New England organization, wishing to do the proper thing, appointed one of their number to conduct the stranger about the hall. After showing him all the more ordinary sights, the conductor finally took his guest to see the "most unique" exhibit in the show, and with pardonable pride explained that this was the first time a Buffalo Hound had ever been exhibited in New England.

The visiting official took a good look at the great brute stretched out on the straw and the shadow of a smile flickered across his face.

"Well," answered the other, "I think he's the finest specimen of a—of a—North American Timber Wolf that I ever saw in captivity."

The Small Potatoes Kennel Club man nearly fainted on the spot, but gasped weakly, "Oh, I think you're mistaken; just look at the sign" and turning, he was chagrined to read " 'Dauntless Teddy,' Full Blooded Timber Wolf." The inscription on the sign had been changed.

A little later when the visitor had gone, the officials paid a visit to "Dauntless Teddy" in a body, and after reading the sign, they began to suspect that, after all, No. 882 was not a Buffalo Hound but a Timber Wolf. To be quite sure, however, they consulted the club copy of "How to Distinguish Dogs from Other Animals" and found to their disgust that there was no such thing as a "Buffalo Hound."

Now there are some men who can enjoy a joke even when it is on themselves, but unfortunately these officials were not among them. They lost their heads and became furiously angry. They started out to find the owner of the innocent wolf, but as he had left the building, the search was fruitless. The exercise did not improve their tempers, and they decided to remove the obnoxious animal themselves. But when they went around and had a good look at "Dauntless Teddy," and considered the

latent power that lurked beneath that calm exterior, they decided that it would not look well for officials to be doing heavy work. So they ordered one of the kennel men to remove the wolf, and he started promptly for bench No. 882. He snapped his fingers and chirped confidently, but a certain noncommittal look which "Dauntless Teddy" gave him out of the corner of both eyes, caused him to remember that he had a wife and four small children at home and that he was in arrears for his life insurance. Then they called in two stalwart members of the Boston police force, and suggested that they shoot the wolf. One of the officers drew his gun, but as he cocked it, he asked without a trace of French accent,

"Are yez shure he's a wolf"?

"Certainly he is," answered one of the officials. "There it is, plain enough on the sign."

"Yes, that's ahl right, but I come along this afthernoon and the sign said 'Buffalo Hound.' Bether wait an' see what the sign says in the mornin'; I should hate to be afther shootin a porkupin or a canary burrud, for the city of Boston might have to pay for it." And with a knowing wink he returned the revolver to his hip pocket.

About 10 P.M., the hour for closing, I returned to the hall, took Dauntless from the bench, and led him to the exercising ring in the basement.

The big wolf moved swiftly across the hall, not deigning to notice the yelping of the small fry, but as he passed the bench of The Valley Farm wolf hounds, at the savage protests of his sworn enemies he stopped and drew himself up to his full height, and the hair on his well-built shoulders lifted a trifle. For just a moment the light of a forest fire blazed in his wonderful eyes; for just a moment he gazed straight in the face of Champion Bestri as though somewhere back in his long gray head he was trying to figure out how many dogs of that calibre he could account for in a fair fight, if he might take them on one at a time.

The officials were in another part of the building, drinking malted milk, so nothing happened until the end of half an hour, when the wolf was taken back to his bench. Then as I was about to chain him up for the night, I became aware of some round red object bearing down upon me from the other side of the hall; it was the face of a beribboned little Kennel Club official. For a moment he could not say a word; his eyes seemed in danger of popping

out on the floor, and he stood glaring at me and the wolf.

"Are you the owner of that animal?" The words escaped like soda water from an overcharged fountain.

"I am," I answered quietly.

"You entered him as a Buffalo Hound," snapped the official.

"So I see by the official program."

"He's a wolf," savagely.

"That's what it says on the sign," I answered.

"It's a —— —— ——"

Here the beribboned one characterized the joke in language which settled forever his social status.

"If you will listen to me for a moment," I suggested—

"I won't listen to anything," yelled the red-faced one, thrashing the air with his arms; "you take that wolf out of here."

"Gentlest dog in the whole show," I persisted, passing my arm around the gray neck and drawing his big head close to my own.

"Take him out, I say," screamed the little man, fairly dancing with passion.

"Most 'unique' exhibit you have here," I said

wearily. "Too bad to disappoint the public by removing him now."

By this time a little crowd of officials and kennel men had gathered in a circle, which a moment later had a much larger diameter as the wolf slipped gently from the bench and walked slowly about at the end of his chain. Presently two policemen were seen approaching the group and the noisy little official flew to meet them.

"Officers," he panted, "that's a wolf, a wolf, do you understand?—A savage wild animal—I want you to remove him from this building."

The stalwart protector of the people did not display the enthusiasm he had been known to show on certain other occasions. He advanced slowly, but as the wolf chanced to yawn at the moment, the interior of the animal's mouth seemed to hypnotize the policeman, and he stopped to scratch his head. Evidently, it would be wise to obtain the co-operation of the owner.

"Will ye plaze take yer baste out of this building?" said the Knight of the Club, and, realizing that the officials were on the verge of emotional insanity, I decided to clear the air by taking the wolf to more hospitable quarters.

Hardly had the lithe gray figure of "Dauntless Teddy" passed out into the night than the courage of the policemen returned, and urged by the testy officials the two bluecoats followed me, and insisted that the wolf be taken to the station house for safe keeping. On the way, in a dimly lighted street, the wolf ran around me and deliberately sniffed the leg of one of the policemen, who promptly yelled and jumped six feet sidewise into a snowbank.

"Keep that d——d thing over there," thundered the policeman, angry now at his own timidity. Thereafter he kept at a respectful distance.

At the station house the sergeant listened to a blood-curdling description of the wolf, not exactly in keeping with the demeanor of the animal itself, which sat quietly on a bench beside me.

The sergeant, with a naughty little twinkle in his eye, called up Mechanics Hall and asked the Dog Show officials if they would mind "stepping around" to the Station House. They came and the place at once assumed the atmosphere of a dog show. The little red-faced man told his tale of woe—told how the wicked New Hampshire man had entered a Buffalo Hound which later proved to be a savage wolf.

If Dauntless was savage, he certainly knew his little book and Mary's celebrated lamb never looked more innocent. His gentleness was even more apparent when I rested my chin on his massive head and with one hand slyly lifted his lips, displaying as wicked a set of teeth as ever cracked the marrow bones of a beef carcass. The Kennel Club officials moved several steps farther away from those beautiful teeth and catching the suggestion of a smile on my face, one of them blurted out:—

"Yes, that's all right enough for you, but what would happen to us if we should try it?"

"Gentlemen, any of you may do it," I said stepping back and giving them plenty of room to approach the wolf.

Every one laughed but the testy one, and as it was impossible for him to grow either madder or redder, he mopped his forehead and boiled internally.

The sergeant seemed to be impressed. He looked from the irate face of the dog show man, to the calm, dove-like visage of the terrible wolf, and remarked casually:—

"Are you an authority on dogs?"

"Yes,—well, no, not exactly."

"Member of the Small Potatoes Kennel Club, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Any of the other members authorities on dogs?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then it seems to me as if some of you should have known that this animal was of no ordinary breed. By the way, what is a Buffalo Hound, sir?"

"I don't know—that is, I don't think there is any such breed."

"Know there isn't, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why was such an entry even considered?"

Then turning to me he said with a smile, "Better leave that wolf here to-night and come and see the captain in the morning."

Early the next morning I went to the police station and walking up to the desk I said, "Captain, I'm the owner of that animal you have downstairs." The old captain's kindly face broke out into a smile, and looking over the top of his spectacles, he shook his forefinger and said with mock severity:

"Are you the man who came down from New Hampshire and fooled all these people? Well! Well! I never would have believed it of you. I

thought the people in New Hampshire were all innocent and law-abiding. Do you know, those dog show people are awfully angry with you. No, they're not mad; they're just angry with you. Really, it was too bad to fool them that way. They say they want that animal taken right out of the State; you'll take it out to oblige them, won't you?"

"Well," I said, "I'd prefer to keep him right in the city, for he is booked to appear at some of my lectures."

"Well, let us see," said the Captain, frowning and taking down some of his law books. "What kind of a dog do you call him? None of your fancy touches, now; this is not the Small Potatoes Kennel Club."

"There's certainly some wolf blood in him,—quite a lot of it in fact," I admitted.

"Ah! I see, kind of a wolf hound." Then after running his finger down the list of dogs which it was not lawful to keep, he concluded;—"No, there's nothing about wolf hounds or Buffalo hounds in this lot; put a muzzle on him and you may keep him here as long as you wish."

Next morning the Boston papers devoted more space to "Dauntless Teddy" than to all the rest of

the show put together, and all day the officials were busy explaining to disappointed people that the wolf was no longer in the show.

Dauntless lived with me for several years, and accompanied me on the platform at many a lecture. One night we were out together on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, when he had a sudden fit and died. He had never before been ill for a moment, and the death of the magnificent creature who had for so long made his home with us made us very sad.